Some do that thing, some do this,
All do something, none amis.
Sir Hugh. I smell a man of middle earth.
Fal. God blesse me from that welch Fairy.
Quic. Looke euery one about this round,
And if that any here be found,
For his presumption in this place,
Spare neither legge, arme, head, nor face.
Sir Hugh. See I haue spied one by good lucke,
His body man, his head a Buck.
Fal. God send me good fortune now, and I care not.
Quick. Go strait, and do as I command,
And take a Taper in your hand,
And set it to his fingers ends,
And if you see it him offends,
And that he starteth at the flame,
Then is he mortall, know his name:
If with an F. it doth begin,
Why then be sure hee's full of sinne.
About it then, and know the truth,
Of this same metamorphosed youth.
Sir Hugh. Giue me the Tapers, I will try
And if that he loue venery.

They put the Torches to his fingers, and he starts.
Sir Hugh. Tis right indeed, he is full of lecheries and iniquitie.
Quick. A little distant from him stand,
And euery one take hand in hand,
And compasse him within a ring,
First pinch him well, and after sing.

Here they pinch him, and sing about him, and the Doctour comes one way and steales away a boy in red. And Slender another way, he takes a boy in greene: And Fenton steales Mistris Anne, beeing in white. And a noise of hunting is made within; and all the Fairies run away. Falstaffe puls off his Bucks head, and rises vp. And enters M. Page, M. Foord, and their wiues, M. Shallow, Sir Hugh.

Fal: Horne the hunter quoth you: am I a ghost?
Sblood the Fairies hath made a ghost of me:
What, hunting at this time at night?
Ile lay my life the mad Prince of *Wales*
Is stealing his fathers Deare.
How now who haue we here, what is all *Windsor* stirring? Are you there?
Shal. God saue you sir *Iohn Falstaffe.*
Sir Hugh. God plesse you sir *Iohn*, God plesse you.
Page. Why how now sir *Iohn*, what a paire of horns in your hand?
For. Those horns he meant to place vpon my head,
And M. *Brooke* and he should be the men:
Why how now sir *Iohn*, why are you thus amazed?
We know the Fairies man that pinched you,
Your throwing in the Thames, your beating well,
And what's to come sir *Iohn*, that can we tell.
Mis: Pa. Sir *Iohn* tis thus, your dishoneſt meanes
To call our credits into question,
Did make vs vndertake to our best,
To turne your lewd lust to a merry iest.
Fal. Iest, tis well, haue I liued to these yeares
To be gulled now, now to be ridden?